Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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RODOLPH.

A ROMANCE,—*continued.*

HE now haſtened backward with deſperate frenzy, intending to obſerve the direction the fi-ure took. He repaſſed the lights, ſuſtaining that chilling horror which the moſt daring mind is alone to feel, when entering the dreary manſions of the dead. He was again in darkneſs; the ſtill-neſs of the ruins was only broken by his footſteps, which, echoing, ſpoke of "caves and diſmal death." He no longer perceived the figure, but ſaw far on-ward, a faint appearance of reflected light:—ever hopeful Hope flattered him with the termination of his reſearches, and he imagined it was a gleam of moonſhine; his heart was elated. He deſcen-ded with eagerneſs a broken flight of ſtone ſteps, and entered a long aiſle, high arched, and ſpark-ling with variegated luſtre; here and there he could obſerve mutilated ſtatues, and empty niches; he did not to ſatisfy the pryings of curioſity, but haſtened onward, the light increaſing as he advan-ced; till he arrived at ſome ſmall narrow ſtairs, which ſeemed hewn out of the ſolid rock, encur-tained and ragged; whilſt the broken arch over his head appeared in rude projections, not unlike the horrid promontories of a rock ſplit by an earth-quake.

He had half way deſcended, when the light ſhone immediately on the time-ſmitten walls on the right; this renewed his perplexity, as hitherto he had ſeen it only before him; but, on turning to the left, he there beheld the ſource of his terror; for the farther end of a mangled heap of ſtatues and ornaments, and broken parts of the fabric, ſtood the ſpectre, with its face towards him, and appa-rently liſtening, as if fearful of the approach of ſome invader of its gloom. Rodolph was fixed as if ſteel; for, like the attraction of ſuperior light, his ſenſes were all involuntarily drawn towards the object of his fears. He knew not whether to deſcend the ſteps and fly from this ſupernatural ap-pearance, or to advance towards it: ten thouſand images, ſuch as no common fancy can conceive, crowded on his terrified mind, whilſt he ſtood without motion; ſome ſecret influence urged him forward, and he obeyed it; as he advanced, the figure went forward, frequently turning to behold Rodolph. He paſſed onward through a narrow paſſage, too low for an erect poſture, at the end of which it ſtopped, and inſtantly the dreary vaults echoed with the hoarſe grating thunder of huge folding doors. It proceeded beyond them. Ro-dolph following at a ſmall diſtance; and, as he paſſed the iron gates, it ſtopped, looked full in his face, waved its hand, pointed downwards, and, pronouncing in a tone that ſcorched every corner of his ſoul, "Murder!" inſtantly vaniſhed. The dreadful ſound of murder hurried through the dreary vaults, and reverberated all around; at length the doleful echo died away, and left him amid the moſt cruel ſuſpence, with murder ſtill ring-ing to his agonized mind. Darkneſs now en-tombed him; the iron gates ſhut at the vaniſhing of the ſpectre, and enclaſped him in ten fold dread. He paſſed backward and forwards in deſpair; no longer were heard the ſhrieks of the owlets—he had deſcended far beyond the ſounds of their me-lancholy ſcreams; his arms were extended; his head uplifted, imploring aſſiſtance from that being whoſe benevolence ſuccours the diſtreſſed, when his right hand ſtruck againſt ſome projection. He eagerly graſped it; but O, cruel fate! what various ways haſt thou deviſed to tempt the uplift-ed arm of deſpairing man! he graſped the ſides of a coffin, while his left hand, involuntarily, lay hold of the cold clammy face of a corpſe; in this ſtate, his ſpirit almoſt fled from his body, and he remained an inanimate ſubſtance, ſtupified with horror. The manſions again ſhook around him; the thunders burſt in tremendous peals; a moment ſucceeded between the returning craſh of clouds and ruins. Happily for Rodolph, a few moments longer would have proved his deſtruction. The thunders hung ſuſpenſe in the heavens that the diabolical clamour of ruthleſs villainy might be heard, and awaken Rodolph from his trance of miſery.— He ſtarted into life, at hearing the coarſe voices of unpoliſhed men; and, in an inſtant, burſt vociferous every helliſh imprecation that cruelty could invent, or the minds of monſters furniſh. Trembling with agony, he knew no way to eſcape; the iron gates were cloſely ſhut; the voices and footſteps approached over his head, and, in a mo-ment of mingled reflection and deſpair, a piercing ſhriek rent the whole ruins. It was the voice of a female, and Rodolph was nearly overpowered; when, hearing the monſters heaving up a trap-door, which, by the ſound, he knew muſt admit them in-to the place which then encloſed him, he ſprung up by the ſide of the coffin, heaved up the corpſe, and laid himſelf under it. The human mind, in extreme diſtreſs, will ſnatch for ſuccour at that which, at another time, it would recoil from with horror. Rodolph had no ſooner accompliſhed this melancholy purpoſe, than the wretches advanced down a narrow flight of ſteps, with flaming torch-es; the coffin in which Rodolph lay concealed was of ſtone, but much broken and decayed; fearful of being perceived through the apertures, he lay motionleſs, ſcarcely ſuffering a breath to eſcape; one, who ſeemed the captain of the banditti, led forward a female abſorbed in grief, and her head reclined on her ſhoulder. The villains were ſud-denly agitated, but not with remorſe—ſhe had fainted, her arms hung lifeleſs, and ſhe was ſup-ported by the captain. The monſter ſtood aghaſt, and felt all that ſilent inquietude which the depra-ved and corrupt heart ſuſtains at the loſs of its gratification. At length ſhe recovered, but only to be plunged into a dreadful abyſs of woe. She ſpake not, affliction overwhelmed her, when, from the commanding looks of the leader, one of the villains approached to take hold of her; ſhe in-ſtantly raiſed her cries to the utmoſt ſtretch of her voice. Cruel Fate! her diſtracting grief rent the bowels of the caverns but ſmote not the mercileſs hearts of theſe inhuman wretches. Rodolph's boſom throbbed with agony, and with difficulty could he forbear ruſhing from his horrid retreat, and oppoſing himſelf to their barbarities. The reflection, that our lives are given us for the per-formance of good, checked his raſhneſs and hoping ſtill to be ſerviceable to the afflicted ſtranger, con-firmed his determination.

The captain, in a tone of ſavage moroſeneſs, demanded whether her ſtubborn pride was yet unbroken? She was wrapped in horror, and heard them not, when one of the abandoned miſcreants, interpreting her ſilence into acquieſ-cence, regardleſs of his leader, ruſhed forward like the hungry vulture, to ſeize upon his prey. She ſhrieked, and tore herſelf from him. "Mon-ſters," ſhe cried, "villains! murderous aſſaſſins! ceaſe to aſſail me! never will I yield!" and burſt into an agony of tears. O, ye gracious powers! what heart-thrilling accents pierced the ſoul of Rodolph---ſhe again raiſed her voice, and, in an exclamation, bordering upon the wild tones of in-ſanity, "Here villains!" expoſing her boſom, "here, monſters! plunge your daggers;" when inſtantly lowering her voice, in a piteous and woe fraught accent, ſhe cried, "Gracious God! ſupport me."---"Ceaſe your whining, Madam, immedi-ately," bellowed a wretch, marked with the hard lines of guilt and depravity, "perhaps this bout will be enough for you"---"Strike, villain!" ad-dreſſing herſelf to the wretch. "Heaven will re-ward my ſufferings." "Have done with your cant, miſtreſs," thundered the wretch, holding up a dagger, "ſee, this blade is yet bloody." "Great God!" ſhe faintly articulated ſhrieked and fell. Deſpair, fear, rage, indignation, and love, every paſſion that could harrow up the ſoul, drove like a tumultuous ſea over the boſom of Rodolph;---at one moment his blood ruſhed back to its ſource, at another, it flew in boiling torrents through every artery and vein, till at length he became ex-hauſted by contending paſſions. The villains be-gan to grow impatient, and conſulted which way they could accompliſh their helliſh purpoſe; and each diſplayed his ferocity by ſome barbarous propoſition.

She began at length to ſhew ſigns of returning life---fury hung upon the lips of the ſurrounding monſters.---She breathed, ſobbed aloud, and ga-zed around her; immediately, as with one voice they all began to put each his vicious queſtion, and mingled in an uproar of clamour till the cap-tain, aſſuming an air of authority, drew his poni-ard, and demanded ſhe might be given to him. They complied reluctantly, and drew back, juſt as he ſtretched forth his arms to ſeize upon her, they begged to try her once more:—one of them ſtoop-ed and heaved up a trap door, he deſcended, and returned in a few moments (whilſt the others re-mained in ſilence) bearing in his arms a mangled body. "See, madam," cried the hardened vil-lain, in a tone of cruel irony, "Thy dear ſiſter! thy ſweet Maria! her fate ought to be a leſſon to you; ſhe too was as ſqueamiſh as you are, and received from my hands her death."---Sud-denly ſhe burſt forth with frantic grief; ſhe tore her hair, raved, and ſcreamed, till ſuffering nature was almoſt torn aſunder. Such unprecedented diſtreſs could not fail of arouſing, in Rodolph's heart, every emotion that could diſtract him. Her voice could ſcarcely be heard, and ſhe ſunk from the extreme of violent emotion, into the ex-treme of paſſive anguiſh. Rodolph, unable to ſti-fle his feelings, and nature, ſtruggling to break from its confinement, burſt from his heaving boſom in a loud and hollow groan---it ſmote the villains' hearts, and thoſe who could ſtand unmovedat the bitter diſtreſs of the amiable female, were not proof againſt a ſingle ſound from an unknown cauſe.——They continued ſome time motionleſs, gazing at each other, waiting for an explanation, whilſt the dead body fell from the arms of the wretch who brought it from the vault.

[To be concluded next week.]

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

HYMENIAL BROKER'S OFFICE.

THE fubfcriber, a native of Italy prefuming upon the encouragement fhewn by the enlightened and intelligent citizens of New-York, offers his fervices as a MARRIAGE BROKER. Any rich maiden ladies, or widows, who may have ftood ftill at the age of twenty-five, for thirty years, more or lefs, can be immediately fupplied with fine young hufbands, of any fize, country, or defcription, to fuit the applicants;----elderly wealthy gentlemen, whether grown old by a life of intemperance, or by age and natural decay, in fpite of fpafms, aches, rheumatifm, gout, apoplexy or palfy, can be quickly introduced, at the altar of Hymen, to angelic, beautiful young ladies, of fifteen years old and upwards, as may beft fuit the cuftomer.

The fubfcriber was formerly employed by Cupid and Hymen, in whofe fervice he wrote love verfes, difmal ballads, and tragic hiftories of defpairing lovers; but fince Hymen has introduced Plutus as head of the firm, Cupid feems to have almoft neglected the concern; however, fhould any young man be in want of fonnets, acroftics, or little nic nac verfes in praife of the finger, or naked blue elbow of any modern belle, he can be fupplied by applying at this office.

He likewife provides friends (vulgarly called toad eaters) for fuch elderly gentlemen who may have become rich in a way that the world in general may defpife; and as they are neglected by fociety, may wifh for an eafy difpofed perfon to vent their fpleen upon, put up with their whims, &c. For this laft fervice his charges will be pretty high, as he is informed it is rather difficult to find a toad eater in this country, except he is led on with the hope of being remembered, TO SOME TUNE, in the will.

Signor RAPHAEL DE CUPIDOS has not as yet been fo fortunate as to find a fituation fit to carry on his bufinefs; he wifhes for one which will admit of a back as well as front entrance. Any perfon having fuch [illegible] to let, will pleafe wait on Signor DE CUPIDOS, at [illegible] DECEPTIONE'S, Love-Lane; where he will attend [illegible] difpatch of bufinefs till a more eligible place can be procured.

RAPHAEL DE CUPIDOS.

REVENGE OF A GENEROUS HEART.

PANDOLFO MALATESTA, the Sovereign of Remini, in the time of Pope Alexander VI, was the richeft prince in Italy, who after having fpent a defpicable life in the arms of luxury, was reduced by a meanneft reverfe of fortune, to lurk for his eafement in the common hofpital at Bologna. The account goes that this tyrant, for fuch he was, being expelled from his dominions, and perfecuted by his enemies, fled and wandered to the above-mentioned city, where at that time dwelt a nobleman named Pietro del Saccio, a native of Remini, who fome years before had been driven from his country by the tyranny of Malatefta, who unjuftly feized upon all his poffeffions to that principality and put many of his family to the fword. When word was brot to this nobleman, that the late ufurper was now in his power, and that he might revenge thofe injuries by delivering him up to Cæfar Borgia, or by killing him with his own hand, the exafperated Italian, with ingenious malice, replied, "Yes, I will now fully revenge the injuries I have fuftained; I will do more than kill Pandolfo, for I will order him to be carried to the hofpital I endowed myfelf, and let the tyrant know that the wretched means of protracting a miferable being, is owing to the bounty of Pietro del Saccio."

ON LOVE.

LOVE founded on external charms, and which only feeks the gratification of the fenfes, will foon change its object, and be pleafed with novelty; but where eftcem is the bafis of love---when it is founded on virtue, accompanied by all the amiable and endearing qualities of the head and heart, and an enlarged mind---furely, that affection, that friendfhip can never die----it cannot fail, while thofe virtues remain on which it is built---by which it is enlarged, ftrengthened, and fupported!

Love is not a guilty paffion, a criminal defire, which debafes human nature; 'tis a moft exalted eftcem and regard founded on reafon and virtue; an affection which ennobles the mind, elevates the foul, and leads it nearer to Heaven. This is the idea which that facred name conveys----pure, and unmixed with any grofs conceptions; and which thus underftood, may as well fubfift between two perfons of the fame as of a different fex; though fome will argue (and not unjuftly, neither,) that the latter is capable of a more refined fulnefs.

In true Love one object muft ever reign predominant in the affections, knowing no equal. Perhaps in Friendfhip, too, we always hold one dearer than all the others befide.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

JESUS defcends! ftrike, ftrike the founding lyre,
Tune your celeftial harps, ye heavenly choir!
He comes, the Savior, from yon dazzling height,
Lo! urg'd by Love, he downwards bends his flight,
And as a weak, defencelefs babe, he lies,
Whofe facred prefence fills both earth and fkies!
Our God aflumes a mortal form, and deigns
To wear our flefh, that he may break our chains.
He comes, the Savior! at th' enlivening founds,
Earth, burft thy bars, and Ocean, break thy bounds!
Oh, let the voice of grateful tranfport rife,
And mount like curling incenfe to the fkies---
O length and breadth, and depth of love divine,
Nor tongues of Man, nor Angels can define!
Thought cannot reach it, deep the myftery lies,
Beyond the ken of Men, or Angel's eyes;
Angels, who, when their own bright order fell,
Beheld them all, funk ranfomlefs to hell;
Expell'd forever, from the realms of day,
Without even diftant Hope's moft diftant ray;
While Man, the younger lord---fallen Man found grace,
That grace withheld from their immortal race;
Yet friendly to mankind, with gen'ral voice,
For his falvation thofe bright hofts rejoice;
In Bethlehem's fields they fing---"Peace, good will on earth,"
And hail mankind on their Redeemer's birth.

SONNET TO CHARITY.

WHEN adverfe Fortune frowns, and woes oppreft,
And fcarce the ftriking mind knows where to turn,
'Tis thine, oh Charity! to footh the diftreft,
And bid Serenity, fweet pow'r! return.

Ere let that gen'rous virtue fway my breaft;
Nor fuffer Heav'n, my heart to fhut thy laws!
Teach me to feel the wants of thofe diftreft;
And, as my means, be bounteous in their caufe!

How fweet the thought! to cheer the broken heart,---
To heal the ravage of repugnant grief,---
To fuff'ring innocence with eafe impart,---
And fave the victims by a kind relief!
Such be my aim! fo fhall my heart exult,
And find repofe amid the world's tumult.

WINTER.

WHERE are thofe verdant beauties gone
Which late their various charms difplay'd?
The green grafs waving o'er the lawn?
The flowers that bloff'm'd in the glade?

Cold Winter's blaft hath fwept away
Thofe beauties Summer's boaft and pride;
The green grafs own'd his chilly fway,
The blooming flowers grew old and died.

Where now the fongfters of the bower,
Whofe carrols hail'd the dawn of day?
Whofe cheerful notes of melting power,
Each morning hail'd the new-born day?

Shrinking from Winter's ftern reign,
His touch each fled with wild affright;
Forfook with fpeed the frozen plains
And wing'd to happier climes their flight.

Ah! thus like Spring, or Summer's pride,
Man's fairefl profpects fleet away;
His charms, like their's too fwiftly glide,
Like them, the beings of a day.

EPITAPH ON A PIOUS YOUNG LADY.

FEARLESS and calm fhe met the fatal blow,
And left, without a figh, thefe fcenes below:
A band of cherubs join'd her on the road,
And fafe convey'd her to the bright abode,
Where perfect fpirits fweet communion hold,
And chaunt feraphic airs to harps of gold.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE to the perfon is too oft confin'd
But nobler Friendfhip centers in the mind;
That to no object fettled prone to change,
Is ever prompted by the wifh to range;
This to one fteady point directs the foul
True as the trembling needle to the pole.
The firft too oft is like the raging main,
When Boreas bellows with his reftlefs train;
The laft refembles it, unfurr'd by ftorms,
When its fmooth furface no rude blaft deforms.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO MISS MARY-ANN.

I CONFESS I was not a little difappointed on perufing your laft, to find my profeffions treated in fuch a cold and diftant manner. From the proofs you had given me in your former epiftles, I entertained no doubt but that in your breaft dwelt a paffion ardent and glowing---a paffion, to affect whofe exiftence required more than ordinary exertion. Judge my furprife then, when inftead of that affectionate and fo which characterized your former letter, you content yourfelf with a few unintereffing remarks and commonplace obfervations, ill calculated to encourage the generous warmth of an impaffioned lover.

You requeft me to correct that fanguine anticipation fo eafily betrayed, elfe, fay you, your flame is too violent to be lafting. To thofe who have never felt the power of love like mine, this advice may appear proper and feafonable, but for myfelf I cannot fee its conftiency. Love, in my opinion, is a principle, warm, ardent and fincere, afpiring after the poffeffion of that object, which is to conftitute the higheft earthly felicity, and till that object is obtained, it difcovers an eagernefs which repeated difappointments ferves but to ftimulate to greater exertion.

I afk, what claim could I have upon your affection as a lover, did my fentiments refpecting you extend no farther than the cold language of refpect or eftcem, fentiments which your letter feems to inculcate? -----No, my dear MARY-ANN, I cannot accufe myfelf of unwarrantable rafhnefs, and till you abfolve me from the imputation, I need not fay I fhall be unhappy.

But notwithftanding what has been fuggefted, the high opinion I have formed of your judgment, induces me to bow with fubmiffion to your fuperior wifdom on a fubject fo much intereffing. Should your therefore, in reply to this letter, give me thofe aflurances of unabating affection I fo eagerly anticipate, I fhall, for the prefent, ceafe to prefs you on a fubject fo dear to my heart, and devote my attention to objects of a fecondary nature. The happinefs of domeftic life, the pleafures refulting from a clofe adherence to the principles of virtue, and the joys awaiting the acceptance of perfeverance, may perhaps, among other fubjects, claim our attention. Far be it from me, however, while thefe fubjects engage my pen, to banifh from my heart the fond idea of enjoying thefe pleafures but in connection with you. I likewife entertain the hope that your reflections will often point to thofe fcenes of connubial joy, which we fhall experience in connection with each other. ----Animated with the profpect of approaching happinefs, I remain as ever, your devoted THEODORE.

HOW TO ENJOY A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SIR JOHN RAMSEA, in his "CHRISTMAS CAUTION," obferves, that, "the weather is ufually cold at this feafon, and therefore good fires, good eating, and good drinking, are unqueftionably agreeable, and in fome meafure neceffary. Fuel is laid in for external warmth, and generous liquors for internal. The ox is fattening for flaughter; the poultry are put up to feed; the mutton, venifon are already hung, and minced meats are in a ftate of preparation. All this is very right; all this very good. The bleffing brought by the feafon to the Chriftmas world might well render it a time for perpetual rejoicing,---a time of univerfal happinefs. But inftead of loading our tables and our ftomachs, with unwholefome variety of the richeft viands, let us be content with plain and nourifhing food, and with a quantity proportioned to our digeftive faculties, and let us confider, while we are cheerfully and comfortably regaling, by a good fire, aflured by fuperfluities, to the [illegible] ceffes, whether we have not fome poor, but worthy neighbors, who are expofed, half fed, and perhaps, half naked, too, to all the inclemency of the weather, while their miferable little ones are fhivering around a few embers, deftitute even of the neceffaries of life. By our retrenchments then let them be clothed, be comforted, and fed; and while their ftomachs become the depofitories of what would only tend to diforder our own, their grateful hearts too often very differently employed, will bleft, at once, the feafon, and their benefactors. We fhall inculcate in our offfpring the virtues of Chriftian charity and benevolence, inftead of the heathenifh vices of intemperance and excefs, and we fhall thus fecure to ourfelves the health, as well as the approbation of our bofoms, and be at once qualified and entitled to enjoy a "MERRY CHRISTMAS."

ANECDOTE.

THE prefent FASHIONABLE CRITERION for judging of the moral and intellectual qualities of a man, is not his countenance but his dreft. There goes a fly clofe dog, (fays one) his hands are always in his pockets.---that's an open hearted generous fellow, (fays another) he never but once had a waiftcoat!

for the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WOMAN.

WHAT gives the truest joy to man,
While wand'ring here below?
I think that virtuous WOMAN can
Sublimest bliss bestow.
Something peculiar she possess,
To cheer the droopin mind;
Something destin'd our ills to bless,—
Such love sways womankind.
(No sensual pleasures can allow
To man such equal joy;
They ever lead to poignant woe,
But true love never cloys.)
They help to smooth life's rugged road,
They cheer the dreary way;
They with us share what Heav'n bestows;
They pleasure give each day.
They, like the sun, possess the pow'r
To scatter clouds and gloom,
In ev'ry dark and dismal hour,
Like stars they all illume.
Give me a pleasant comely fair,
A neat and humble cot,
And then real happiness I'll share,
Contented with my lot.

Pittsburgh, Dec. 22. W. C.

TRIFLES.

PIERRE DUGARD, in his history of China, relates, that a young merchant in Pekin sold all his goods to purchase a single one, namely, a wife---that used to beat him whenever he neglected to supply her with money or rich clothes.

PIERRE, talking of the levity of the French, says, "The Parisian will cry at the least trifle like a child, and laugh at himself for crying."

The Chickasaws, an American nation, always go naked, although they have breeches, but they generally carry them under their arms as we do our hats.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, December 24, 1803.

The number of deaths in this city for the week ending on Monday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are, 3---children 13---Total 32.

On Sunday evening a Charity Sermon was preached in the Dutch Church by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, and there was 4 cents, collected for the benefit of the Charity-school.

The brig Joseph, Tinker, from St. Pierre's, (Mar.) went out on Wednesday morning, on the N. E. point of sand---Should the weather continue calm as it is at present she will be got off without injury. She has coffee, consigned to A. Kilpatrick.

A letter from Natchez dated November 17, says; "Troops have arrived this day from Washington. It is said the troops will march from Fort Adams, in ten days from this time for New-Orleans."

ACCIDENT.

On Sunday afternoon as Mr. Uzal Pierson of Newark, was riding a young horse in jumping the animal started full gallop, baffled all his endeavors to restrain him, and threw him with such violence against a tree as to fracture his skull so dangerously, that he expired the same evening.

Capt. Renwick, in 15 days from Port-au-Prince, informs, that on the 1st of December, the Brigands attacked Cape Francois when a severe and bloody engagement took place between them and the French troops under the command of Gen. Rochambeau, in which a great number of the Brigands were killed, &c. &c. which, however, terminated in favor of the Cape to the Brigands, by Rochambeau's having to pay a contribution, made by Dessalines, their chief. By this terms, it appears, that Rochambeau became a prisoner of war, who, with his troops, was to be subject to the disposal of the Commander in chief of St. Domingo then blockading the Cape.

Capt. Renwick further informs, that on the 4th inst. Cape Nicholas was still in possession of the French troops, and all was in a state of tranquility.

The new ship Alexander Smith, capt. Rider, with a valuable cargo of hemp, iron and piece goods, belonging to Messrs. Minturn and Champlin, of this city, was lost on the 21 Nov. last on the coast of Sweden. The mate and five of the crew perished.---We understand the is insured to her full amount in this city. The following letter from the captain contains the particulars:

UNDERWALLA, (Sweden) Oct. 25.

GENTLEMEN,

"This will inform you of my unpleasant situation at present: I sailed from St. Petersburgh the last day of September, and arrived at Elsineur the 13th of October; on the 15th sailed for New-York, and on the 18th of October was cast away on the shore near a place called King's Harbor, in Sweden, in one of the most tremendous gales that ever was known here. The ship struck about 2 o'clock in the morning, and in less than 15 minutes her bottom went out. I am sorry to state, that during the storm the mate and 5 others of the crew perished, myself and three men remained on the wreck until the next morning before we were taken off. Most of the sails and rigging will be saved, but very little of the cargo---say 90 bolts of duck, and perhaps 2 tons of hemp is the extent. There were six ships lost within a mile of me the same night, and only one of the ships saved any of their people, the crews of the others all perished."

Brig Signet, Whittlesey, of Saybrook, belonging to Gen. William Hart, sailed from New-London on the 14th November last, for Surrinam. On the morning of the 16th, come on a heavy gale at E. S. E. when obliged them to put before the wind. At 8 o'clock P. M. having a leak which continued to increase until 6 o'clock next morning, when she was so full of water, that notwithstanding both pumps were kept going, the awning cleared, and a number of bales washed overboard, fill she would not steer, and in a short time overset. Capt. Whittlesey ordered the main mast cut away, while he himself cut away the lanyards. The mate, while cutting away the mainmast, lost his axe. Capt. Whittlesey, after cutting away the lanyards, went to cut away the mast, which broke under him, carried him overboard with it, and with much difficulty he regained the vessel, badly bruised. He then went forward, and cut away the fore lanyards; when the fore mast broke about twelve feet above the deck---by which she partly righted. The crew then turned over the long boat, captain, mate, and three hands got in, with oars and a bucket, and the boat shoved off the brig. They then rowed under the lee of the wreck and took in a part of barrel of bread, two cheeses, a jug of rum and a compass, which was all they could obtain from the wreck---A part of the crew continued on board the wreck, to look out for any vessels that might be in sight, while the remainder in the boat hung by a rope under the lee of the wreck. They continued in this situation about two hours, when they saw a sail to windward, which appeared to be going by. The captain and crew then took to the boat, and made for the vessel. When they left the wreck, the bulkheads were all gone and every thing washed out of the cabin; hatches and fore-flue is burst open, and flour and other things washed out of the hold. The gale had abated when they left in the boat, and about ten o'clock they reached the brig Polly, capt. Jesse Towne, bound to Kennebunk, where they arrived on the 1st December.--Capt. Whittlesey informs us, that after they got on board the Polly, both crews were put on very short allowance of provisions.---capt. Towne and crew behaved with humanity and kindness towards capt. Whittlesey and his crew, and did every thing in their power to make their situations as comfortable as possible. After being on board the brig 5 days, they were obliged to put the second mate and two hands on board the brig Betsey, bound to Boston, on account of shortness of provisions.--capt. Whittlesey and crew lost every thing but what they had on their backs.

The following is said to be an accurate statement of the number of POST-OFFICES in the several states, districts and territories of the Union:---

State of Virginia, 199; New-York, 159; Pennsylvania, 102; Massachusetts, 94; North-Carolina, 83; Maryland, 71; New Jersey, 57; Connecticut, 54; Vermont, 48; New-Hampshire, 46; Kentucky, 36; Tennessee, 28; Georgia 23; Delaware, 14; Ohio, 13; Rhode Island, 8; District of Maine, 53; Columbia, 3; Mississippi Territory, 9; Indiana do 9; South Carolina, 46.--Total, 1159

THE following letter was written by one of the Swiss Cantons to Philip the Third of Spain, in consequence of some threats of invasion, which that Monarch made against them!

"One of your Majesty's ancestors sent 80,000 of his subjects to pay us a visit---they staid but a short time amongst us, and when they departed, forgot to take their bones with them."

Lond. pap.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"LONG may they live in unequal'd peace and joy,
And morning ill their happiness alloy—
May love for each, each returning day increase,
And all its comforts ever, ever grace.
May each in other, every rolling day,
Enjoy new charms in various circles play:
In their bleft union may they ever find,
A soothing conscience and a placid mind."

MARRIED,

On Thursday the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. M'Lenfee, Mr. SAMUEL NELSON of New-York, to Miss MARY ROGERS of the town of Walkill.

At Raritan, New-Jersey, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. John Vredenburgh, Mr. JOHN VAN NEST, to Miss JANE VAN NEST, daughter of George Van Neil.

On Saturday evening, Mr. DAVID PALMER, to Miss CATHARINE VAN NEST, daughter of Mr. Peter Van Neil, all of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr DAVID M. MILLS junr. to Miss JULIANA TUCKER, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Mr. D. M'CARTHY, to Miss ELIZA PHELAN, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. WILLIAM BULL, saddler, to Miss SARAH BACHELOR, daughter of Mr. John Bachelor, all of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr JOHN W. KEARNEY, Merchant, to Miss ANN WATTS, daughter of Robert Watts, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Collier, Mr. ANDREW S. NORWOOD, Merchant, to Miss REBECCA OGILVIE, daughter of Mr. Thomas Ogilvie, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. CADWALLADER ROE, to Miss MARY HYER, both of this city.

At a place called Hard-Scrabble, in Clintontown, (Dutchess County,) Mr. JOHN WARD, aged 72, to the amiable Miss CHARITY DARBIN, aged 50, both of the above place.

DIED,

On Sunday 11th inst. at his seat in Dorchester county, (Maryland) after a short illness WILLIAM VANS MURRAY, Esq. late minister from the United States at the Hague, and minister plenipotentiary to the French Republic.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. DEBORAH P. CHURCH.

On Wednesday morning Mrs. ABIGAIL GAMAGE, aged 85 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of Cambridge near Boston.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. AUCHINCLOSS, wife of Mr. Auchincloss, Merchant, of this city, much regretted by her friends and acquaintance.

☞ To-morrow afternoon a CHARITY SERMON will be preached at the Methodist Church, in Barley-street (N. River) and a COLLECTION made for the support of the Methodist Free School.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

SUPERIOR qualities frequently render a man less fit for society: we do not go to market with ingots of gold, but with silver and small money.

Courtship pleases more than marriage, for the same reason that romances are more amusing than history.

Distrust those persons who are always distrustful; they fear being deceived from the habit they are in of deceiving every one.

It is better to lose a friend by too much frankness, than to be guilty of the meanness of deceiving him in order to please him.

THEATRE.

This evening, will be prefented a PLAY, in 5 Acts, interfperfed with Songs, Duets, Chorufes, &c. called

The Glory of Columbia,

HER YEOMANRY,

To which will be added (3d time) a Farce in 2 acts, called

Mrs. Wiggins.

JOHN HARRISSON,

HAS FOR SALE AS USUAL,

TICKETS

Whole, in Halves, and Quarters,

IN THE LOTTERY FOR ASSISTING THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS WITH SMALL CHILDREN.

☞ Tickets regiftered and examined as ufuals.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. CROWTHER.

IN a deep barren glen ſtood EVANDER's poor cot,
And no other the heath did afford;
Content cheer'd the peaſant, tho' humble his lot,
Forſaken by all, by the world long forgot,
Yet EVANDER poſſeſs'd one dear hoard.

'Twas a daughter---fair THIRZA---his lov'd only child,
The delight and the prop of his age;
As the dew of the heavens her accents were mild,
But 'twas heaven itſelf when her ruby lips ſmil'd;
Ev'ry grace did fair THIRZA engage.

She was pious and good---and her ſire ſhe maintain'd,
She oft wrought by the midnight's pale oil;
And when her fair fingers a trifle had gain'd,
She brought it EVANDER, nor ever complain'd
Of the hard ſcanty earnings of toil.

Thus dwelt old EVANDER, contemn'd by the great,
Yet his cottage a croſt could beſtow,
And a crumb to the robin that ſang at his gate
He ſpar'd with a ſmile from his little eſtate---
'Twas his heart bade fair charity flow.

On a dark ſullen night, at the cloſe of the year,
When faſt fell the ſnow on the moor,
THIRZA heard the blaſt howl in the chimney with fear,
And whilſt they both liſten'd a footſtep drew near,
And a ſtranger knock'd loud at the door.

'Twas Lord WILLIAM of Weſtmoreland, gallant and bold,
Who in croſſing the heath loſt his way;
A ſorrowful ſtory the knight did unfold;
Exhauſted with hunger, and periſh'd with cold,
He implor'd in the cottage to ſtay.

"Sir knight," cried EVANDER, "we're humble and poor,
But my bed ſhall your wearied limbs reſt,
And THIRZA ſhall ſpread you our cold little ſtore:
I wiſh for your ſake that our little were more!
Though 'tis homely and coarſe, 'tis our beſt"

Lord WILLIAM, on ent'ring, had gaz'd with ſurpriſe,
And view'd with delight the ſweet maid;
He was loſt when he look'd at her heavenly eyes:---
Alas! the fair virgin's affections he tries--
He was faithleſs, and THIRZA betray'd.

Lord WILLIAM departed, and bade them farewell;
He was gone, and they ſaw him no more:
But, oh! what a ſtory had THIRZA to tell!
Where once ſmil'd a heaven there frown'd a dark hell!
Who could now her loſt honor reſtore?---

Soon, ſoon, wild emotions beat high in her breaſt,
And a maniac THIRZA became:---
The wretched EVANDER forlorn and diſtreſt,
In the grave was ſoon laid, where his woes were at reſt,
The ſad victim of ſorrow and ſhame.

Oft EVANDER's lone ſod would his THIRZA adorn,
As ſhe gather'd wild flow'rs from the brook,
Then warbled forth ditties in accents forlorn,
"Dark ſpirits from THIRZA, EVANDER have torn!
He is gone and poor THIRZA forlook!"

'Tis long ſince poor THIRZA the cottage has fled:
Fallen ruins the ſpot only ſhows;
By caſual bounty the wanderer's fed,
And ſhe aſks the hard pavement to pillow her head,
When humanity's deaf to her woes.

O'er the head of Lord WILLIAM fair happineſs flows;
He knows not of THIRZA's ſad fate;
Nor ever a thought on the cottage beſtows,
Nor remembers a moment his falſe broken vows:---
Such reflections on grandeur ne'er wait!

Oh ſay, ye gay libertines, what can ye claim
From the triumph ſeduction beſtows?
Can the fall of a virgin give laurels to fame?
Can the heart that is broken raiſe higher your name,
Or bind a fair wreath round your brows?

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman, on a tour thro' the Weſt of England, happened to be at a very populous town on a Sunday, and being acquainted with the miniſter, he accompanied him to church, which, to his great ſurpriſe, was very thinly attended. As they were returning home, he aſked his friend "if there were many DISSENTERS in this town."---"No," ſaid the other, "but there are many ABSENTERS."

MORALIST.

THE Almighty Power, out of his infinite wiſdom, has been pleaſed to mingle the ſmile of joy with the tear of grief; and, no doubt corrects the one by the ſenſations of the other; and, with the viciſſitudes of ſunſhine and of clouds, illuminates or blanks this mortal ſcene. The animal ſpirits cannot long ſuſtain a tempeſt of happineſs; our moſt rapturous ſenſations muſt weary with enjoyment, and ſink, like the overlabored ocean, to languor and to peace. The aſperities of ſorrow muſt at laſt be worn down by time and reflection; and perhaps the moſt exquiſite ſenſation of the mind, is that which is ſoftened by the remembrance of ſufferings paſt, when thoſe ſufferings are become, by a trial of our reſignation, a never-failing ſource of comfort to us. If a drop of oil, comparatively ſpeaking, can ſpread a calmneſs on the ſea, how much ought the oil of patience to allay the tumult of the mind! and ſurely we muſt feel ourſelves degraded, if we ſuffer experiment in artificial cauſes, to triumph over the reaſon of an human ſoul.

APROPOS!

FREDERICK WM. DANNENBERG, No. 53 Maiden-Lane, reſpectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of N. York, and its environs, that he has opened a very general aſſortment of TOYS, jointed Dolls, elegantly dreſſed, of all ſizes, and a great variety of other fancy articles, intended to amuſe and inſtruct the riſing generation. Dec. 24

JAMES THORBURN.

No 26 Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-ſtreet, returns his thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors. He has received per the ſhips Juno and Diligence from Amſterdam, a large and elegant aſſortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baſkets of different ſizes,
Wine Glaſs Baſkets, round and oval,
Handſome Toilet Baſkets,
Large and ſmall Trunk do.
Handſome Market do.
Ladies fine Knitting Baſkets, different ſizes,
Handſome Children's do. do. patterns,
do. Bread do.
do. Counter do.
do. Tumbler do. different ſizes,
do. Knife do. do. do.
Eaſt India, Dunſtable and Holland Table Mats.

Together with a large aſſortment of Tubs, Pails Coolers, &c. alſo Common Baſkets different kinds. Dec. 24.

M. NASH'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No 79 BEEKMAN STREET.

LATELY added to this Library, the Encyclopædia Britannica, with the ſupplement, 20 vols. 4to. The Preceptor, containing a ſyſtem of education, 2 vols. 8vo. Hayley's Life of Cowper, N. Y. edition, 2 vols. in 1. 8vo. Berkeley's Minute Philoſopher, 8vo. Hull's tales in Poetry, 8vo. Bunn's Poems, 8vo. Britiſh Theatre, 34 vols. Butler's Hudibras, 12mo. Together with ſeveral other valuable publications, and a variety of the moſt eſteemed Novels, Romances and Plays. The terms for Subſcribers and readers by the ſingle volume, may be known by enquiring at the Library between the hours of 6 and 9 in the evening. Dec. 17.

WITHOUT SEAM.

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he ſtill continues carrying on the above buſineſs; and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the expreſs purpoſe, from one to ſeven yards in width, together with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the buſineſs on a more extenſive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to ſerve his cuſtomers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimenſions, equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much ſhorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Thoſe ladies and gentlemen, who wiſh to be ſupplied with the above articles for the approaching ſummer, will do well to forward their orders ſoon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the ſpring, as ſome time is neceſſary for ſeaſoning.

☞ Orders left at Oſborn and Van Noſtrand's, No 7, Beekman-Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn, Long-Iſland, will be aſſiduouſly attended to. Dec. 17

E. THOMPSON,

Silk, Cotton, and Woolen Dyer, No. 26 Broad-Street, cleans and dyes all ſorts of ſilks and ſatins; gentlemen's clothes cleaned and dyed; ladies gowns dyed and glazed, ſilk ſtockings and camel hair ſhawls elegantly cleaned and callendered; chip hats dyed and neatly finiſhed.

LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE'S improved ſhining liquid blacking for boots, ſhoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is univerſally allowed the beſt ever offered to the public, for it never corrodes nor cracks the leather, but renders it ſoft, pliable and beautiful to the laſt, and neat foils. Black morocco that has loſt its luſtre is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. Sold wholeſale, retail and for exportation by J. Tice at his perfumery ſtore, No. 112 William-ſtreet, and by G. Camp, No. 143 Pearl ſtreet, where all orders will be thankfully received and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits the directions on every bottle will be ſigned J. Tice, in writing, without which none are genuine.

J. Tice has likewiſe for ſale, a general aſſortment of perfumery of the firſt quality. Dec.

NEW NOVEL.

This day published by BURNTON and DARLEY, No. 116 Broadway, oppoſite the City Hotel; ZAIDA, or the DETHRONEMENT of MOHAMMED IV; a novel founded on hiſtoric facts, tranſlated from the German of Auguſtus Von Kotzebue, never before publiſhed in the Engliſh language; to which is added an hiſtoric drama called the BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN, by the ſame author.

MISS SULLIVAN

Reſpectfully inform her friends and the public that ſhe has opened a DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL in Cherry-Street No. 99, few doors from the New-Slip, for the reception of Young Ladies. She flatters herſelf her attention to the intellects and improvement of thoſe who may be intruſted to her care, to merit a liberal ſhare of encouragement. Thoſe ladies who would wiſh to be completed in writing, by applying to Miſs Sullivan will be taught that art in a few leſſons only; and ſuch as cannot make it convenient to come to her School, ſhe will, if required, attend them at their houſe.

N B. Cards of the terms may be had at No. 63 Cherry Street, or at her School. Dec.

M. WATSON,

No. 18 Dey ſtreet, has juſt opened an elegant aſſortment of CHILDBED LINEN, gentlemen's embroidered Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c. alſo, Sheeting, &c. &c. Nov.

For the Uſe of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world. For cleaning and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for the hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy—this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 1 William-ſtreet, New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as, Pomatum of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powder, a variety of beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scents, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Violet Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Cream and Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Feathers, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Fenders, Fire-inets, Razors and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, Shaving and Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoiſhell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Curling and Curling Irons, &c. J.

ROBERT M'MENNOMY,

No. 72 John-ſtreet, offers for ſale,
177 bbls prime, 40 do meſs, 19 do cargo Pork,
17 do prime Beef,
20 Spaniſh fancy figured ruſh mats,
London particular MADEIRA WINE, in pipes, hogſheads and qr. caſks.

FASHIONABLE MILLINARY,

Juſt imported from London, and now ſelling at No. 2 Wall-ſtreet, by the caſes, being an elegant aſſortment of Silk Plush Hats, Beaver and Chip Hats and Bonnets, Caps, &c. Some pieces of Satſenet Muſlin for Gowns, or Fur Gowns ready made, Lace Trimming, &c. The above will be ſeen at 144 Pearl-ſtreet corner of Fair ſtreet. Nov 19.

WASHING.

Gentlemen by ſending their clothes to No. 2 Wall-ſtreet Lane, may have them waſhed and done up in the neateſt manner, and on reaſonable terms. J.

NEW-YORK,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP,

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum,

Paid in advance.